

From Dragon Tamer to the Prince's Savior

by SymphonicPanda94

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-12-28 00:16:15

Updated: 2012-09-24 07:21:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:09:58

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 10,787

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A different tale to follow where we find out the truth behind the Night Fury's existence. Human once more, Night must travel back to his kingdom and reclaim his place as prince once more, along with the dragon tamer, Hiccup. Yaoi, Don't like don't read. [[9/23/15 Update: Will be REVAMPED.]]

1. The Witch's Curse

On the island of Berk, where it snows six months and hails the other three, lived a boy with auburn hair and emerald green eyes. He was the son of the chief of the village who went by the name of Stoick, known to be the strongest and greatest dragon slayer of their time. However, his son, named Hiccup, was unable to kill dragons like his father. He was way too scrawny and lean. He lacked the ability to handle a decent weapon and when the time came disaster followed. However, he harbored other traits the Vikings lacked. So he did the best next thing. He helped a rare dragon regain his lost tail fin and be able to fly once more. Hiccup became a dragon rider, truly unique to his own generation.

Now I know what you're thinking . . . He's awesome, right? Well don't flatter him so much! There's a whole other side to the story that you just haven't heard about yet! I mean have you ever wonder about how Toothless felt? No! You didn't until I mentioned it now! Damn, you're pretty narrow-minded.

Did you honestly think the story would be over after Hiccup and I defeated the Green Death? Haha! You make me laugh! Now where was I?

_Oh right . . . Well let's backtrack a little bit, before I met Hiccup in fact, when I was still human. _
>.o.o.o.o.o.o.o.o.
" Night, dear you must wake up now." The sweet voice that greeted the boy everyday caused him to stir in bed. Inclining his head towards the sound, his eyelids fluttered open. As

they adjusted to the bright light that shone through the windows, the boy could make out in his mother's face, her lime green eyes staring back at him with a soft smile on her face. "Good morning sweetheart and happy birthday."

Night yawned lightly, before sitting upright in his bed. "Good morning Mom." he mumbled, his words still drunk with sleepiness. He brushed a few strands of his raven hair out of his eyes before rubbing the crust from the Sandman out of them.

"Come dear, you must get ready for your big day. It's a big milestone in a prince's life to turn sixteen." His mom informed the young prince, motioning her son out the bed while she called for a maid. She gave the servant orders to gather the prince's outfit for the day in her naturally sweet and gentle tone. With the maid off to tend to her current task, the Queen directed the young prince to wash up. "Make sure you clean every inch of yourself." she added before stepping out to tend to her own duties for the day. Even the Queen worked in the household of Asgaut.

Night did as he was told and proceeded to dress himself afterwards with the clothing selected for the day. He emerged from his quarters dressed and well-groomed. While heading to the dining hall, he greeted the maids and servants out of courtesy, receiving their wishes for his birthday in return. Night knew his place in the castle but he was taught to be grateful for everything that was done for him. His parents taught him that a King was nothing without his people, so never take the services done out of free will for granted.

Once at the dining hall, Night took his normal seat across his mother. The King arrived shortly after, greeting his family as he took his seat at the head of the table. "My dearest family, salutations."

"Good morning Agnar."

"JÃ³dis, honey, you are looking radiant this fine morning of our son's birthday." Agnar complimented his wife as he took her hand and pressed a light kiss against it. JÃ³dis merely nodded her head as a greeting, gracing her beloved with a gorgeous smile.

Agnar then turned towards his son. With a humble smile, he patted the youth's shoulder while he spoke. "And to you my son, I wish you a happy birthday and many more to come."

"Thank you, father." The young prince showed his gratitude in a small nod. Had it not been his birthday, it would have been just another day in the household of Asgaut. Night would wash, get dressed, and come to breakfast, watch his father compliment his mother just like any other day and afterwards the family would tend to their duties for the day. Night's usually consisted of simpler tasks like home school lessons and completing the homework given for the day. Afterwards he would merely go off with his friends outside the castle and have his fun for the day. Today would work a little differently. There were no school lessons to be taught for the day, another gift. He did, however have to prepare for the ball being thrown in honor for his birthday tonight. His day would mainly consist of dance lessons and a short break before he would be dressed in his attire for the ball, which took some time.

Night, however, had surprisingly obtained free time after mastering the art of ball room dancing in a short amount of time. Another present for the boy on his special day and he knew where he would spend it.

He passed by his mother on his way out the castle. "Make sure your back before sunset!" JÃ³dis mentioned.

"Don't worry, I will be!" Night assured his mother before he headed out. He met up with his usual gang at the entrance, receiving their wishes for his special day before heading over to a nearby orchard. It had become their own personal playground over time. A quiet and serene place where they could talk, play or just sit back and relax under the shade of the trees, an escape from the rules and responsibility they endured every day. It was just what Night needed.

While he climbed on the branch of a tree, one of his friends asked, "So, what's it like being sixteen?"

"It's no different from being fifteen." Night said, while he hoisted himself up on top of another branch. He reached up towards an apple, a hand against the trunk to help steady himself. Plucking the red fruit from its branch, he took a bite while letting some juice dribble down his chin. "I'm just a year older is all."

"One year older, one year wiser is what my mum says." Another friend added, standing near the young prince with a small basket. Night merely shrugged as he was picking apples and dropping them into the basket below. The young heir felt his birthday wasn't any more special than his two friends. There was no reason to go overboard for one day that every other teen reaches at some point in their life as well in the kingdom. "Are you even looking forward to the ball tonight then?"

Night shot his friend a you-already-know-the-answer look. He then climbed down the tree, landing almost gracefully on the ground. The gang took refuge under the same tree, laying their backs against the earth soil as they looked up at the clouds while munching on their apples.

"Hey, do you believe in soul mates?" Night heard his friend asked. It was very random but it did get one's brain juices flowing.

"Well, do you?" Night rebounded, a smirk on his lips. He didn't even have to bother looking over towards the boy to see the frown form on his face. Pulling himself into an upright position, he did a few stretches before speaking again. "Well if my soul mate is out there somewhere then . . . I hope we meet one day. That's what I'd say if they actually existed, but soul mates probably don't exist either way so why bother believing in something so . . . juvenile?"

"Juvenile huh? What about love at first sight? Do you doubt that as well?"

"Are you kidding? That's not love, it's called infatuation." A snicker escaped his lips as he spoke, making it sound like it was common knowledge. Honestly, soul mates are one thing but love at first sight? It's absurd. "You know this is why I can't stand those

fairytale we hear about. They're so typical with the damsel in distress waiting for her alter ego to come and find her, slay some beast or wake her up from eternal slumber and then they live happily ever after. I mean get real! None of that happens in real life. If you ask me, I think people made that crap up because they had nothing better to do with their lives." Night ranted on.

It was conversations like these that displayed not only Night's intelligence and observant eye but also his own values. Though it may not seem it, his friends did enjoy listening to his rants as well. They learned from someone who was more fortunate than them to have an education and it helped to broaden their own views and ideals as they soaked in his knowledge.

"But say you do meet your soul mate one day?" the other friend pressed on, "What would you want them to look like?"

It was then that the boy who started this whole conversation blurted out, "Why would you ask that? Its suppose to be a surprise! My mom says you'd love them regardless of how they look."

"Yea, but everyone has a personal preference though!" The latter shot back, a hint of annoyance in his tone. "For instance, I prefer girls with blonde hair. It's as simple as that."

"Really? Well then I guess I prefer . . . Girls with freckles." The first boy admitted after considering what the latter said. "What about you Night?"

"I don't know." Night shrugged, not really caring for the current topic.

"Come on! Just think about it! Picture your future wife and how'd she look." The first boy encouraged his friend.

With a sigh, Night simply closed his eyes and thought. A few things came to mind when he began to picture his future bride. "Well . . . I'll guess she'll have short dark auburn hair . . . with green eyes, not that many freckles on her face or none at all. She'll have thin lips, a voice that's funny sounding yet somehow gentle, easily tolerated and she'll definitely have to be different. She won't be like those girls from the fairy tales. She'll be determined and smart, a leader at best. Someone I can talk to with ease and can actually understand me. That's all I've got for now."

The boys were quiet for a few seconds, his friends digesting the words just spoken. Then the silence was broken by a sly comment. "Well . . . That's pretty damn specific."

All three then let out a chorus of laughter, blending in with the sweet melody of birds calls within the orchard. As their time together was coming to an end, the boys gathered a few more fruits before departing. Just before they were going to separate, Night stopped to look at the sun begin to set away from the kingdom.

"It's better I be specific and set my standards high rather than hope because I know she doesn't exist." He mumbled to himself.

>..0.0.0.
"Welcome one! Welcome all!" The sound of King Agnar's voice brought everyone's attention to the front of the ballroom. The

King then raised his glass once all eyes were on him. "A toast, to my son Night! For his sixteenth birthday and for many more to come!"

There was then a wave of cheers and the sound of many glasses clinking together. Night simply rested in his chair, twisting the glass on its stem. So far he only glanced at some fair maidens present tonight which in turn gave him an idea. He determined this wasn't just some celebration for him but also a way of selecting his future bride. Of course it was typical his parents would interfere with his social life. They say they know what's best for their kid yet it seems whatever is best for Night will also have to benefit them even more.

"Night dear." His mother called to him, pulling him out of his personal thoughts. "Why don't you go ask some lucky girl to dance or at least socialize with your fellow kinsmen?"

Though Jādis wore the sweetest smile on her face and spoke in a gentle tone, Night saw right through it. It wasn't much of a suggestion.

"Yes Mum." the young prince said, rising up from his chair. He then proceeded to the floor, walking up to the first girl he noticed. She had blue eyes and blonde hair with her dress flattering her curves in a shade of periwinkle and lavender highlights. Night pulled on his best smile as he spoke while offering his hand to the girl. "Pardon my intrusion Miss but I was wondering if you would honor me with a dance."

Some of her friends giggled while others tried their best to hide their jealousy with tight smiles. Handing her drink to another, the girl accepted the young prince's offer. Taking his hand, she said, "An honor it would be for you, Prince Night."

As he led her to the floor, the room went quiet as all eyes fell on them. Then the music began, its majestic melody surrounding the two as they began to sway. Night led her in circles, twirled her around for all to see and did a small lift ever now and then. He had to admit the girl was light on her feet and looked quite graceful, a good thing she could play her part well. It created the illusion that they were perfect and there was some chemistry going on. Well that's what Night presumed everyone was thinking and he was right. Everything was going just the way he planned. Once the song had finally come to an end, Night took the fair maiden's hand and pressed his lips against the dainty knuckles before slipping away into the crowd that was forming. Now the guests were entertaining themselves through dance.

As Night retreated back to his place by his parents, he wore his best smile. The King and Queen seemed quite impressed with not only Night's dancing but the girl as well. It was clear the fair maiden was in their favor for the time being and that was all Night needed.

"I think she's a lovely girl, don't you Night dear?", said the Queen, her lime green eyes sprinkling with delight. Night nodded as an answer while he glanced over the dancing couples present on the floor. He noticed the blonde he had selected left the floor, became a wallflower instead. For a split second she caught his eye and they held each other for maybe a minute, or even more. Night broke their

connection with a smile as he returned to the conversation his parents were having. He just happened to drop in on his mother saying, "Oh how I would love to dance like the people, be sweep off my feet and almost float like a bird. Do you remember our first dance Asgaut dear?"

At that his father gave a hearty laugh, yet he replied with a sincere smile and gentle eyes. "I remember as well as I remember my childhood."

Uh oh. Night thought with a mental groan. It's the romance stage again.

Every now and then his patents would get on a certain subject that would lead to them falling in love all over again. Was it good? Yes, Night thought it was essential to their relationship. Was it the right time to show it? Hell no! May Odin take pity on their son and let the torture end before he would regurgitate. Nothing was more embarrassing then having your parents make smoochy faces at each other in public and what was worse is that they do it on his birthday.

"I'm going for a walk." Night excused himself though his parents paid him no mind, clearly to busy with their intimacy. So the young prince headed towards the balcony with a small staircase that led towards the garden in the back. The serene place was able to let Night just clear his head, become illumine as he took in the scenery. He continued to walk down the path that was made, burrowing further into the garden. Oh how it felt to not give a care about anything in the world, a moment to relax after all the hustle and bustle. Yes it was just perfect.

"Prince Night?" And the moment was gone, just like that. He had a feeling it would not last long but for it too be that short? Life was truly unfair. "Fancy meeting you in such a lovely garden."

The young prince turned to face the intruder, not surprised to come face to face with the fair maiden he danced with only moments ago. He had a feeling she had only followed him to seal the deal but remained upright in her presence. "Yes it is. Pardon me for not asking earlier but what is your name?"

"Artemis, be my name your majesty." She replied with a formal curtsy.

"Ah, after the goddess of hunt, I presume?" Night smirked finding the irony quite humorous. Her name matched her personality at the time being. "It suits you well."

Artemis hesitated to nod her head for she was probably considering whether that was a compliment or an insult. At least she wasn't stupid, that was worth some merits with Night's parents. However, she was becoming quite bothersome and that only made the young prince want to avoid her. Princes must bear with unwanted guests more often than they should clearly. With as much kindness as he could muster, Night asked the young maiden, "I apologize dearly, but would you be so kind as to head back into the castle? I only wish to be alone at the moment."

Artemis shook her head lightly, a small smile against her lips. The

girl has got nerve Night thought with a straight face. Being bold won't get you everything though.

"Then I hope you will pardon me." Night stated in monotone before taking a few steps away from Artemis. He hoped she would get the fact that her presence wasn't wanted, if she was that smart. At first, the fair maiden did not move. Her eyes remained connected the young prince's. With his back to her now, Night continued to walk away.

"You are a fool to turn your back on me."

Night paused at the raspy voice and just as he was about to turn his head back, something struck him in his back.

"I have you now, Prince Night." The voice came again as the pain shot throughout the young prince's body but disappeared just as quickly when the object was removed. Night fell to the ground, his body shaking uncontrollably. He forced himself to look back, to see his attacker. The fair maiden he had been with earlier had disappeared, replaced with a disfigured old hag of a woman who smiled a devious toothless smile at him. He noticed a eerie glow coming from one of her hands. She held a dragon tooth that was drenched in some liquid that in turn was producing a lavender glow. A drop of the liquid fell and splashed against the ground. It trailed back up in a variety of patterns, the hollow shell it was forming seemed to be forming tight bonds and constricting itself to form a shape as it became denser.

"What is it that you wanted from me?" Night questioned the lady, his breathing shaky.

The old woman cackled like the witch she was before answering the prince. "I only wish to gain control of this kingdom. You, my boy, should have played your part but nothing comes easy I presume. You have brought this upon yourself."

The old hag lifted one bony finger towards the boy. Night realized she was pointing to him and when he glanced down he saw that patterns had formed over his entire body with the same lavender glow. The blob that had formed next to the witch was now taking shape while Night focused on his skin as it turned black. As the prince's nails grew longer and thicker, the blob took on a human figure.

"Farewell Prince Night. With skin dark as the night and eyes green as emeralds, a dragon like none other is born. All will know thee as the dreaded Night Fury."

Night could no longer suppress the scream that was caught in his throat but what escaped pass his lips was more like the roar of a beast. He scratched at himself feeling his skin become scaly and his teeth sharpen like fangs. His forced his eyes open to see the blob of lavender goo was no longer there. Instead he noticed he was staring at himself in its place. It wasn't him; it was a clone, an imposter, a fake. Whatever magic the witch had conjure was beginning to take its toll on the young prince, who at this point could no longer recognize his own body. He began to sway from dizziness, bracing himself against the floor for balance. He made his way over to a nearby fountain in an attempt to just get away from the witch.

"Oh Night Fury, where are you going?" This voice, it belonged to Artemis. Night's head snapped back to see himself standing beside that wicked girl. By some instinct, he growled at her. What monster had she transformed him into? He had to know. "Do you wish to see what has become of you? I must say my sorcery has improved, you're hardly recognizable."

He could not stand the wait any longer. He had to know what he had become. He scurried closer to the fountain. Upon reaching it, he pulled himself on to the ledge, the dizziness still present. He looked over, the shock on his face clear as he met his reflection. He was truly a monster, he was a dragon! He couldn't believe it, only minutes ago he was a prince, a son of Asgaut but now . . .

"And do you know what the best part is?" Artemis continued on. "That you have acquired a replacement. You're going to go on a little journey and this Night will take your place. It will be as if you never left and when you come back I can assure I'll be Queen."

Night screamed at her the way a dragon would scream. He loathed her so much, he wanted to hurt her. He tried to lunge forward but the drowsiness he felt in just moving made his efforts futile. His body went limp soon after as his vision began to blur. He focused his last moments of sight on the girl and his replica. A sinister smirk had appeared on her lips as she took hold of replica's arm.

"Come now, my prince, we have much to do." She whispered, addressing the replica as she led him out of the garden. Then everything went black and the Night Fury drifted into unconsciousness.

**** -To Be Continued****

**** Or better yet if you wish this to continue, then click that little button that says REVIEW. You don't have to write much. It could be as simple as 'LOVE IT' or 'Update soon!', only two simple words to get your opinion out. I'd really like to hear from my reviewers if you think you might enjoy this story. ****

**** Oh a few things about this story: ****

**** -Hiccup has both of his legs. (I almost cried in the movie when he lost his leg! I can't work with that in this story, so sorry!)* ****

**** -This is A Human Boy ToothlessXHiccup fanfiction. Yes people it contains Yaoi. And if I get some reviews maybe later it'll contain hardcore yaoi. You never know! (I did this because I don't see a lot of them or I'm too lazy to look for them. Plus I think I could pull off a decent plot with this story.)* ****

**** Any more things, I'll mention later. ****

**** Hoping to see you again! ****

2. Time To Make An Escape

_Okay wait! I know what you're thinking! There's no way an awesome, handsome guy like me could actually be turned into a hideous beast like the Night Fury but unfortunately I was. Trust me when I say

being a dragon is not all that easy either! Here I thought I could adjust with ease but with the extra muscle, wings, tail and the ability to breathe fire, it was a little bit more of a challenge then I expected. Then there's the hostility towards dragons from humans. Poor creatures are always misunderstood and--

_Well . . . it'll be better if I just continue with the story instead. You'll understand.

>

>"Guards! Guards! A monster in the courtyard! Guards!" The shrieks of a woman nearby had waked the Night Fury from his slumber. A monster in the courtyard she says? At this, Night opened his eyes to see he was still in the garden. The garden in which he came to for peace of mind but was followed by Artemis. Artemis . . . Artemis . . .<p>

" . . . And when you come back I can assure I will be Queen." The voice rang through the Night Fury's head which caused him to emit a low growl. In response, he heard the gasp of a woman. The Night Fury then realized he was not alone for a couple had been standing off to the side, their faces in shock as they stared at the beast before them.

"Guards!" The man screamed. "A foul beast in the courtyard! Guards!"

The clanking of armor alerted the Night Fury to the oncoming danger. However, doubt clouded his mind. Would he be able to get away if he tried? Maybe they would not try to kill him? What if he could get them to understand that he was Night, the prince, son of Asgaut? The Night Fury questioned so much, looking between the oncoming guards and a road that would lead him out and away from his home, yet he made no move to escape. Before he knew it, he was surrounded by the guards. The guards were just as anxious around the Night Fury, a chorus of comments and questions flooding his ears.

"What is the means of this?"

"Where did it come from?"

"Back! Back, you vile beast!" The guards were advancing towards him, pointing weapons as they approached the beast cautiously.

The Night Fury was frightened now, his ears down and eyes wide with fear as he cowered into a corner. He wanted to tell them he was not a dragon, he was Night! He tried to speak to them but the new tongue he had acquire from his transformation rendered his efforts useless and seemed to only cause more problems. A bulky man then stepped forward, pointing his sword at the dragon. "To hell with you!" he hissed before lunging forward with his sword raised high.

No, no, no! It's not suppose to be this way! The Night Fury screamed as he slithered to the side just in time to dodge the blow. The guard had managed to get a hit unfortunately and this sent Night howling with pain from the new mark left on his back paw. With new determination, the Night Fury hissed at the guard, growing hostile. His eyes formed into thin slits and his teeth bare for all to see. He then felt a growing heat in the pit of his stomach and before he knew it, Night had let a ball of fire escape from his mouth. The blue ball of flames was so quick, hitting a guard's shield. It exploded immediately upon impact and emitted purple shockwaves that sent

guards flying. Now was his chance!

The Night Fury sprinted down the road then, the world rushing pass him. He could hear the guards running after him but with his speed they were unable to keep up. The entire castle had been alerted to his existence now and guards from all over were beginning to appear.

"Stop beast!" The shout had come from a guard with a fellow comrade as they tried to block the Night Fury's path. What they did not prepare for was the leap the Night Fury took over them, leaving the two guards dumbfounded. "The devil's spawn!"

The Night Fury had escaped from the castle walls and into the village streets of Eastoft. He darted pass houses and people, jumped over barrels and carts all while blending with the shadows. He had to flee, there was no other option. How naive he was to think that he could actually get them to believe him, see through the beast he had become. The barriers between them now were much too far. He had to run, run away from Eastoft. He had to or else he would be killed by his own people.

The Night Fury then came to a halt just before he could fall off the cliff before him. The land ended here and before him was only the vastness of the ocean. He had bolted through Eastoft and a forest, only to end up at a dead end? Where would he go now?

It was then that the Night Fury noticed he had wings. He stretched the bone and muscles, extending his wings to the fullest. Now the question was how does one dragon fly? So what if he flies? Will he fly over an endless ocean? How long will it be before he hits land once more? The Night Fury knows nothing about what lies beyond the village of Eastoft, is unaware of the dangers or beauty the new world will have to offer. The options are dwindling now; the guards would be here soon to rid the village of the beast. It was now or never.

With a snort and grunt, the Night Fury backed into the forest a bit. He needed a running start. Extending the wings, he flapped them a few times getting a feel for the new part of his body. Now or never, now or never, he repeated in his head as he prepared himself.

"There! The beast is escaping!" With that, the Night Fury sprinted towards the cliff before launching himself. The land under his feet disappeared as the Night Fury began to descend towards the ocean. The calls of the guards disappeared, the Night Fury could only hear the wind whip pass him as he fell. Then he thought, fly!

Suddenly, his wings had a mind of their own, extending to their fullest just before the Night Fury could hit water. Night was no longer in danger but soaring over the waters of the ocean lit by the moonlight. Flapping his wings now, he banked right, letting just the tip of his wing dip into the water while he flew then settled back into standard position. Despite all that had happened, all the pain and fear that had consumed him before disappeared now. The beauty of this experience, flying over calm waters, could not be described in words alone. It was beyond any human beings' imagination. It truly was a sight to behold and if he could the Night Fury would continue to fly, fly over the vast ocean in the moonlight. Maybe he would get his wish, for he was unaware of what lied ahead, if anything did.

~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~

How long had it been since the Night Fury left the village of Eastoft? A day? Or maybe two? He was unsure, though he was sure the sun had set twice since his journey began, or so he thinks. Regardless, the Night Fury was in dire need of food and rest, yet there wasn't a sign of land in sight. Where could he go? Should he turn back now? Would he even make it back to Eastoft at this rate?

But wait! There was something up ahead, or maybe Night's eyes were playing jokes on him. Had he finally gone delusional from fatigue? There's was only one way to find out and so the Night Fury pushed himself even harder kept flying straight ahead.

~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~

"Night my son! Have you heard? A beast was among us in our very garden!" King Agnar exclaimed to the prince as he entered the ballroom with Artemis by his side. "My dear boy, you weren't harmed were you?"

"Dearest father, I remain unharmed by this beast of which you speak of." Night spoke, a smile on his lips as his father embraced him and he returned it. Nodding towards Artemis, Night explained, "I was with Lady Artemis this whole time. She and I were standing on the patio just mere moments ago, getting to know each other better."

Artemis gave the prince a light nudge, her cheeks turning pink as a small smile appeared on her face. The king raised an eyebrow at the two, surprised by his son's words and Artemis' bashfulness. Did Night fancy this fair maiden?

While the King pondered on Night's affection towards Artemis before him, his wife, JǼdis took more interest in her son. She scrutinized the boy up and down, her womanly instinct telling her something was off but she couldn't figure out what it was. Maybe she was overreacting, after all there was a beast grazing in their garden only so few moments ago. Pushing that aside, JǼdis merely smiled at the two. She suggested, "Well, why don't we return to the ball? Our guests are probably wondering where their hosts are and Night, dear, it's almost time for the toast. You should prepare yourself for your speech."

"Mother dear, I can assure you I've prepared myself for this night to the best of my abilities." Night then said, "We should return for one more dance then, should we not?"

The prince then offered his hand to Artemis, but as she reached out to take his hand she was whisked away into the arms of the king while JǼdis accepted Night's hand. JǼdis smirked at her son's confused expression. "Oh, did you really think you could avoid a dance with the Queen?" she joked before leading Night to the floor.

"Don't worry son! I'll return her after a dance." Agnar joked as he and Artemis twirled around, the king taking the lead. "You don't mind, do you Miss?"

"Oh, my lord, it would be an honor." Artemis replied with a giggle, as she danced the remainder of the night away with Night's father. Everything was going according to plan and soon Artemis would have the village of Eastoft in her hands. No one will be able to stop her.

>~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~
He could see it now. Traveling through the dense fog, the Night Fury had stumbled upon a rocky island, deprived of plant life and inhabited by dragons, many dragons. It did not matter though; the Night Fury could rest for now. He had been flying for so long he was exhausted. He was just about to take shelter in a small cave nearby when all of a sudden, his ears were ringing with a voice that screamed, "Food! Bring me food!"

The Night Fury then swooped down into a hole that led him inside the island where he flew over an abyss covered by thick reddish fog. He landed on a cliff and concealed himself behind a boulder as he looked upon the cavern. Many dragons were present, settling behind large boulders and on top of high cliffs, concealing themselves yet poking their heads out far enough to look down below. A screech echoed throughout the grotto as a lone dragon came flying in leisurely over the fog. Little did the two-headed creature know what truly lied below. Within mere seconds, from under the fog teeth appeared and ascend quickly as they snapped shut around the dragon's body, the beast no longer hidden. All other dragons cowered in fear, light whimpers echoing off the walls. This beast was the definition of hideous. With hundreds of teeth and one too many eyes and a disfigured body to match, the Night Fury slid back further into the shadows out of fear. Why had the Night Fury come here? Why couldn't he just rest like he planned to or rather fly away?

"FOOD!" the voice screeched at her minions. "Bring me food or suffer the same fate!"

The Night Fury shook with fear like the other dragons. There was something about this voice, the authority in it that the Night Fury couldn't fight against. He just had to listen and obey because he did not want to suffer the consequences. It was like his dragon instincts had taken over and the main objective was to survive against all odds.

"Leave now! But come back every day, after the moon has risen but before the sun rises. Come back and feed your Queen!" Those words were like law, there was no defying them and at that moment, all the dragons flew above the beast, covered by the thick reddish fog, and flew out of the opening above. The Night Fury continued to sail through the red painted sky then, following fellow dragons as they rose from the fog and flew.

Sleep and energy were no longer an issue, the only thing that mattered now was the task given, to bring the Queen her food.

~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~

While soaring through the pitch black sky, Night heard a voice ask, "Are you new here?"

He didn't know where it came from, whether it was all in his head or not. Then the voice came back. "Look over here! Can't you understand

me? I'm a dragon too!" This time a nudge came with it and the Night Fury directed his attention towards the small blue-scaled dragon. With a frown, the blue dragon continued, speaking slowly, "Can you understand me?"

To this, Night nodded his head slowly as he came to terms with the fact that he was talking to a dragon. At this he realized, his new tongue was not completely worthless. He tried to speak back, making funny faces it seemed because the small blue dragon next to him burst into a fit of giggles as he watched. Clicking his tongue against his tongue against the roof of his mouth a few times, the Night Fury figured he tried speaking. "I . . . Can . . . Under. . . Stand." He said, putting emphasis on each word that left his mouth.

The blue dragon arched at eyebrow at the bigger dragon. "Why are you talking all funny like that?"

"Because . . . I've never spoken . . . To another dragon before." said Night, adapting quickly to the language.

"Well, why not," asked the younger dragon, his eyes now full of curiosity as he looked upon his companion.

"It's a long story." said the Night Fury with a heavy sigh, recounting all the events in his head that happened within less than a day which led him up to this point. Though Night preferred not to tell his story, his smaller companion was rather persistent to learn his tale. And so, the Night Fury gave in to the other dragon not long after. As they soared over an endless ocean with other fellow dragons as the smell of salt water filled their noses and sounds of gentle waves and flapping wings filled his ear, Night told his story.

He told the little one everything, how he used to be human, how he was a prince, about the village of Eastoft, about the curse that had been placed on him and turn into the beast he was now. When he mentioned Artemis he would frown deeply, speaking her name as if it were poison on his tongue, with utter disgust. The blue dragon beside listened to his tale, occasionally letting out a 'Wow' here and a 'Oh' there. He was truly amazed and fascinated by Night's existence, flying around the dragon as he examined his wings and paws, his ears and tail all while keeping up with his story. Night came to end of his story he became quite sad.

"Now here I am. Flying over the ocean to great Odin knows where with a bunch of other dragons so I can gather food for that monstrosity back on the island." Night concluded, "I have no idea how I'm ever going to get to Eastoft and convince everyone that I'm Night. I have no clue how to stop Artemis and I don't have the slightest idea when I'll ever be human again!"

"Cheer up Night! I'm sure you'll find a way somehow." The blue dragon encouraged his friend with a reassuring smile. "I'm rooting for ya!"

To this, Night could not stifle a soft laugh. "Thanks kid. What's your name by the way?"

"While these Vikings on Berk call me the Terrible Terror!" The little Terror answered, mocking a scary growl as he said the name, "You can call me Aki instead."

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you then Aki." Greeted Night. His eyes then lit up and something Aki had mentioned earlier. "Did you mention something about Vikings?"

Aki nodded his head before explaining, "They're ugly, tough-looking people we run into a lot on the island we're flying to. It's called Berk. They fight with us all the time and hate our kind but we steal their food so . . . Guess it can't be helped if they develop certain feelings towards us. Do the people back in Eastoft hate dragons too?"

Night was surprised by Aki's sudden question but answered it nevertheless. "My people didn't really know what a dragon was or rather they've never seen one until this happened," Night gestured to himself, "They probably do now."

"Oh." Aki said, dragging out the O sound. Aki's eyes lit up then, looking straight ahead. Night followed the younger one, spotting the silhouette of an island on the horizon getting bigger as they flew closer. Aki chirped, "There it is! That's the island of Berk! Heads up, Night! You better snag some food and fast when we get there for the Queen. By the way, watch out for flying stars."

Night took Aki's words into consideration as they neared their destination. Still he wondered what the younger one meant by _flying stars._

3. Welcome to Berk

**AN: Real quickly, I'd like to say I really pushed and rushed to get this out and if there's mistakes I will look this over and fix it later. I'm in college now and my story updates won't be as fast but I'm trying and I wanted to update this mainly for the support you have all given this story. I hope this chapter meets your expectations and you'll continue to support this. **

**P.S. Who's watching Dragons: Riders of Berk? :)**

Flying stars? More like flying flaming boulders of death! As the Night Fury swiftly banked left to dodge yet another boulder ablaze, he cursed his small companion for providing him with false information, or rather over exaggerating. He had not expected collecting food to be this difficult! It had become so frustrating that the Night Fury just wanted to do something! That's when he felt the fire start to brew in the pit of his stomach. Another fireball was coming but this time the Night Fury would use it to his advantage. Circling back, he headed towards the island, taking aim at one of the catapult tower preparing to launch another "flying star". As he swirled and dodge flying boulders shot from other towers, the heat emitted from the fire brushing over his scales, he focused on the fireball crawling up the back of his throat and on the catapult tower set in his sight. Then he let it settle on the back of his tongue, waiting for the right moment to make his mark.

And then- _**Hold up there dragon boy! I think it's time you took a break.**_

_Oh come on Hiccup! I was just getting to the really good part and

who you are calling a dragon boy?!_

**Well you did get turned into a dragon.**

So the best you could come up with was dragon boy? Ha ha, very funny Hiccup, you're a riot.

**Well I'm funny enough for both of us then. Now if you would be so kind as to step aside so I can start on my part of the story.**

But I was really getting to the good part. Can you just let me have one more chapter? I swear I'll be done then.

**Oh really?**

Yes really.

**Okay let me think on that . . . I thought about and turns out I don't care. It's my turn and you're taking up my time.**

Oh for Valhalla's sake, you have got to be kidding me!

**Too bad for Valhalla then because I'm not kidding, now move it or lose it Night.**

Grr . . . Fine.

**Well now that that's settled we can get on with the story, my part that is. I know just where to start too.**

"Great Odin! Man your stations for those wretched dragons be upon us!" The strong voice bellowed through the air as Vikings scattered out of their houses and onto the battle field. Many gathered their weapons, spreading out about the island to defend what rightfully belonged to them, while others took their positions at the catapults and readied the boulders to be lit and fired. Then there were the Vikings who worked behind scenes, like Gobber or rather a certain Viking who was seen as a bad omen, one who didn't acquire the Viking's touch for fighting. Being the odd ball of the village he tried his best to prove his place among his follow brethren but no matter how hard he tried, the Gods did not find favor in him. He was known to wreck havoc wherever he stepped if on the battlefield, this being another problem added to their list. If the Vikings weren't occupied with the dragons, they would definitely be avoiding this boy.

"Hiccup! What the devil are you doing outside?" A bulky man with a mess of his curly red hair braided for his bushel of a beard and his helmet topped with two horns shouted at the smaller boy in front of him. "You know I've got my hands full now and I'm going ta be needing all the help I can get! Get to the shop!"

Startled by the demand, the smaller boy, known as Hiccup, scurried off, dodging other Vikings who yelled at him along the way to get back inside so they would be safe from the boy. Before he could reach his station a sudden eruption from one of the catapult tower caught his attention. Hiccup stopped in his tracks, a few of his kinsmen pausing as well to view the destruction before them. Men who had been managing the tower now ran away to avoid being burned by the flames

that had now engulfed what was left of the tower. With a startling crack that catapult came crashing down to the ground in a heap of smoldering wood. Embers and smoke floated into the air spreading over Berk. Hiccup stood there, dumbfounded by what he just saw. All of a sudden there was a screech piercing through the night. Wincing at the cry, Hiccup scanned the firmament above him frantically searching for the source. Stars that were shining suddenly disappeared to form almost an outline. Hiccup noticed that the stars had formed an outline of a dragon, a creature he knew his fellow Vikings had not seen before in battle because they had been that lucky so far. The name of this rare deadly beast even made the strongest of the Vikings flinch at its name. "NIGHT FURY!"

"Hiccup get in here NOW!" The voice of Gobber the Belch drew Hiccup's attention back to the blacksmith's shop where he was _suppose _to be helping to repair damaged weapon for the battle at hand. Hiccup ran as fast as he could, clumsily stumbling into the shop and tearing off his fur vest to throw on his apron before he got to work. Gobber gave a hefty laugh. "It's about time!"

"Sorry I'm late, got distracted on the way," Hiccup apologized as he threw open the shop's poorly designed shutters to reveal the line of Vikings growing behind it. The first Viking grumbled a complaint about waiting much too long while the dragons made off with his food. Hiccup let Gobber deal with them for a second as he peeked out a window, catching his peers running off to a burning hut with buckets of water. Among the group he spotted the slim, slender blond as she tossed water on the fire and turned away just as an explosion went off in the background. At that moment, it was love at first sight. The way the fire flames danced around her, bringing out her feminine features such as her ice blue eyes and golden blond hair against her fair skin, her slender, slim frame outlined as she walked, focused but also nonchalant. _Astrid. _

Being in a daze, Hiccup had not even notice that he was trying escape out the window to join them.

"Oh no you don't!" Gobber exclaimed as he used his hook to catch the boy by his collar, lifting away from the window and placing the boy next to him.

"Aw, come on, let me out, please? I need to make my mark!" Hiccup begged in a whiny matter.

Gobber shook his head at the young Viking's plea. "Oh, you've made plenty of marks! All in the wrong places!"

Hiccup didn't stop. He urged, "Please, two minutes! I'll kill a dragon, my life will get infinitely better... I might even get a date!"

"You can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an axe, you can't even throw one of these," Gobber explained, holding a pair of bolas in his hand to prove his point at how inexperienced the Viking was.

Hiccup frowned but quickly scrambled to his new machine. "Okay fine, but this will throw it for me," said Hiccup as he touched the machine. It rattled and jerked before shooting off a pair of bolas that made contact with a defenseless Viking at the front window, another Viking beside him wearing a dumbfounded look as he viewed the

scene before him.

Gobber wagged his finger at the contraption before saying, "See, now this right here is what I'm talkin' about!"

Hiccup stammered, "It, it... mild calibration issue, I..."

Gobber interrupted with a wave of his hand. "Don't you... no, Hiccup! If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all... this," the older Viking explained, gesturing the boy.

Confused, Hiccup responded back, "But you just pointed to all of me!"

Shaking his head with a smile as if he had found his answer, Gobber said, "Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you!"

Hiccup squinted at the older Viking, looking a bit annoyed as he mumbled, "Oh..."

"Oh, yeah," agreed Gobber.

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game," Hiccup warned as he gestured to himself, "Keeping this much raw... viking-ness... contained! There'll be consequences!"

With a roll of his eyes, Gobber deadpanned, "I'll take my chances."

Shoving weapons in Hiccup's hand, Gobber ordered, "Sword. Sharpened. Now." Hiccup sighed heavily as he settled an ax against the moving rock wheel mechanism to be sharpened. He wondered when it would be his turn; his turn to fight among his brethren and not cause a disaster but rather capture and gut his first dragon, to be considered a Viking rather than a mistake. He grew up learning that to be a Viking one had to slay a dragon, those foul beasts that had stolen more than they've struck down Vikings. It was every child's dream, to follow in their parents footsteps and become a Viking. _When would his chance every come for him to prove himself?_

"NIGHT FURY! Get down," Another cry of warning rang through the air and sure enough there came another blast and another catapult tower fell victim to the dreaded Night Fury's fireball. Pausing Hiccup rushed to a nearby window scanning the sky for the dragon. He spotted him among the stars. _A chance to prove himself, _Hiccup thought._ A chance . . . Now was his chance! _Tossing his apron aside and grabbing one of his handmade contraptions Hiccup scurried out the door, yelling a quick promise to return to Gobber as he made his way up a hill to the perfect place he had in mind for this once in a lifetime chance.

~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~

_How exhilarating that was, _the Night Fury thought as he circled around the island of Berk, heading back for another look at the catapult he solely just ruined while the other dragons continued to wreak havoc on the Vikings and steal dozens of sheep for their Queen. _Maybe collecting food wouldn't be so hard after all._

All of a sudden the Night Fury was hit and bound by something that wrapped around his body and wings many time. He tried to untangle himself, chew through the material but he was unsuccessful for he could barely move his legs or flap his wings. The Night Fury was now spiraling out of control, falling out of the sky and headed straight for the island. He let out a frightened screech as he closed in for impact. There was not one dragon nearby to help him, too preoccupied in heated battle with the Vikings. Even his little friend, Aki, wasn't here. _Whack!_

The tree branches snapped and smacked against his body as he crashed to the ground. Still spinning he darted through dirt, continuing to cause damage to the greenery around him as he rode down hill after hill before coming to an abrupt stop. After so many hits, the Night Fury was left tied up in the middle of the forest, losing consciousness fast. _How would he get out of this one? Could he get out? What if one of those blasted Vikings was to come looking for him? _

The Night Fury was nervous, very nervous but also tried. He tried to stay awake but as his vision began to haze, he let his head fall to the side. Closing his eyes slowly, the Night Fury slipped into unconsciousness, thinking to himself how much he wished he were home because then the forest wouldn't feel so foreign to him, so scary. Meanwhile a certain Viking with his latest contraption settled upon a cliff was celebrating his own accomplishment, shooting down the most frightening and rare dragon in Viking history. His day had just infinitely gotten better.

~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~

The one time something goes right and no one will believe me, Hiccup thought furiously as he trudged up to his hut with Gobber wobbling right behind him. Though his calculations had been successful and the Gods had been on his side, the misfit was still ostracized by his fellow kinsmen just because he had been the primary cause for an over grown lantern to crashing and rolling down a hill, destroying a house or two in its path . . . and injuring a couple of Vikings here and there . . . and might have distracted many Vikings from their fight so that the dragons made off with a good percentage of their food . . . _That wasn't point!_ _The point was Hiccup had finally shot down a dragon!_ With a sigh, Hiccup moped, "I really did hit one."

"Sure," Gobber said but Hiccup could hear the disbelief in his tone. That was beside the point because what hurt more was his father's response to the boy's claim, treating his very son as if he were merely a burden he had to tolerate.

"He never listens," complained Hiccup with a wave of his arms.

Gobber remarked with a smile, "Well, it runs in the family."

"And when he does, it's always with this... disappointed scowl, like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich," the smaller boy grumbled as he came to the front steps of his hut. Turning to Gobber while pacing back and forth, he imitated his father with a heavy accent, "'Excuse me, barmaid! I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts

and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fish-bone!"

Gobber shook his head and stated, "Now, you're thinkin' about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look ****like****, it's what's ****inside**** that he can't stand."

There was a pause then as Hiccup let the "wise words" of his father's best friend sink in, which didn't make him feel any better in the slightest. In a sarcastic tone, Hiccup muttered, "Thank you for summing that up."

As the boy turned to enter his house, Gobber added, "Look the point is, stop trying so ****hard**** to be something you're not!"

Glancing back with a gloomy look on his face, Hiccup mumbled, "I just wanted to be one of you guys!"

With that, Hiccup entered his hut and closed his door yet just as Gobber turned around to make his way to back to the village circle, Hiccup quickly snuck out of the back door of his hut, dashing quickly up the hill. If no one was going to believe him, then he would have to find proof! _Off to Raven Point then!_

Yet from a top the highest of a nearby hill, nestled on the outskirts of civilization stood the resented local curmudgeon, his old yet piercing eyes fixated on the chief's son as he watched the auburn-haired boy travel onward. Once Hiccup was out of sight, the man huffed and grumbled to himself before sauntering off and disappearing into his small cottage house, barely making a sound.

Meanwhile in the village of Eastoft, the sun had just settled on the horizon to greet the villagers to yet another day, the rays illuminating all that could be seen but evil preferred to stay hidden among shadows. Through Artemis' eyes it seemed that evil would prevail with her plan set in motion for the prince's double was now at her beck and call, fooling the eyes of Night's very own parents as they remained unaware of what had really happened to their beloved child. "May they forever remain in darkness," Artemis cursed the couple with a wicked smile on her lips as she watched them converse with the prince at the castle gate from afar, a dark cloak concealing her physique behind that of a tree as she looked on.

The witch then turned away, walking off into a dense forest nearby as she blended in easily with the little bit of darkness left as the sun continued to rise. The deeper she traveled into the forest the darker it seemed to get, the shadows engulfing her and shrouding her to a point as which she was almost invisible. While she sauntered on she raised her hands high above her head, palms out and naked as if pressed against a wall. As she took another step she crossed her hands, right over left, and then a step further in she brought them down in a full semicircle motion, as if she were pulling apart curtains. In the midst of the dark forest she disappeared completely then, gone without a trace. The witch's surrounding had now completely changed as the dark forest disappeared behind her and an ominous cave came into view. There was a green eerie glow leading to the room up ahead as she walked down the cave-like corridor, entering into the room, she found her cauldron producing that very color of light. Among the walls and on high shelves laid potions and spell

books, rotten fruit and jars of full creepy crawlers, eyeballs and fingers, anything that was stomach churning or brought about nausea at the sight she had at her discretion. From an outsider's point of view, you could say this was your typical witch's lair but sometimes it's better to go with the classic.

"Oh the boy is quite bothersome," muttered the witch as she swiped the nearest bottle and poured some concoction into the cauldron. Almost instantly the color changed to a darker shade of green before the fog produced rose up and began to form a figure. As it became denser a face could be made out and not long after the person's floating head came into view. The floating head was that of a man with old eyes that could still pierce through that of any human soul. His Unveiling her face to the person, the witch asked, "What is it that you seek now from me boy?"

"Not so much as what I seek but to enlighten you on what I have seen."

"Well then don't dilly dally and get to your point boy. I don't have all the time in the world you know?"

"Is that anyway to treat your son?" the older man continued to complain, stalling on the information as his mother was slowly losing her patience. "Besides, it seems like you've got all the time in the world with that doll face of yours."

"Shut up Mildew," spat the cranky old witch. "You know I have to work hard to sustain this form, spells don't last forever unfortunately. I'm hoping all goes according to plan now that I've rid myself of that damned prince."

"Are you so sure about that?" Mildew questioned with a raise of his bushy eyebrow.

The witch was silent for a second then, her young almond eyes narrowing in a glare as she herself started to deteriorate back to her aging self. With a raspy voice in an angry tone she asked, "What exactly are you inquiring about?"

"Well I'm wondering if you're aware that you're little dragon prince just crash landed on the very island I living on. You may not be rid of him just yet."

"Oh," the witch hummed with a more relax face as she rummaged through her possessions, "But I will be rid of him because you're going to silence that little brat once and for all while I take this kingdom here for myself."

While the witch went about her way, mixing up another concoction and murmuring her spells, Mildew asked, "And just how am I supposed to handle the little trouble maker?"

The witch was in the midst of drinking something she had conjured up. When she turned her head back to her son he watched as the youth she had previously lost come back at an alarming fast pace. With a shrug of her shoulders and a bat of her long eyelashes, she said in a more even tone, "You figure it out. I don't care how you do it, just have it done." With that final statement, Mildew's head drifted apart and returned back to fog as it settled within the cauldron once more

while Artemis lifted her hood overhead and made her way out to tend to more important things.

End
file.